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had borne the punishment in our place? Sure," says he, "if a friend paid your rent, the master wouldn't come down on you and ask for the rent a second time; and," says he, "Christ paid the debt that was due on account of our sins, and God won't ask it a second time from any of Christ's people. But," says he, "tell us something more about this Purgatory of yours: who are them that go there?" "Well," says Jerry, "since it's a place of punishment, of course it's the bad people go there?" "Arra, hold your tongue," says Andy Kelly, the priest's schoolmaster, "sure," says he, "you're going against the doctrines of our Church entirely; for," says he, "tisn't the bad people go there at all; they go straight to Hell; but," says he, "the Catechism of the Council of Trent tells us that, 'tis the souls of the pious people that go there.'" "Why, then," says the Reader, "'tis the queer place to send the pious people; and," says he, "I thought the pious people went to Heaven; for," says he, "I thought their sins were blotted out by the blood of Christ." "Well," says Andy, "their mortal sins are blotted out, but their venial sins are left to be worked out in Purgatory." "Well," says the Reader, "that's the most curious thing I ever heard; for," says he, "I thought 'twould be harder to get rid of the mortal sins than the venial ones; and still," says he, "you tell me that although the blood of Christ will get out the mortal sins, it can't get out the venial ones at all; and," says he, "I don't know how to believe that; and," says he, again, "isn't your Purgatory good for any but venial sins?" "Well, never that I heard of," says Andy. "And," says the Reader, "isn't it any good for the mortal sins?" "No," says he, "for those who die in mortal sin go to Hell for all eternity." "Why then," says the Reader, "I don't think your Purgatory is good for much; for," says he, "even by your own account 'tis only good for venial sins; now," says he, "my Purgatory is good for mortal as well as venial sins; for," says he, "it cleanseth from all sin; every sin," says he, "both big and little can be cleansed by the blood of Christ; and," says he, "unless you have something more to say for your Purgatory, I'll stick to my own." "Well," says Jerry, "it seems you don't like ours; but," says he, "may be you'll go farther and fare worse!" Well, the boys had a great laugh at the Reader, and indeed he took it very good-humoured. "And," says he, "at all events let us hear something more about it, what's the punishment," says he, "that the pious souls suffer there?" "Well," says Jerry, "Father John told us that in his sermon last Sunday. He was warning us to lose no time in seeing after the souls of all belonging to us, and says he, boys, won't you do anything for the souls of your decent parents, to try and have them out by Christmas day at least, and says he, remember the place they're in—in the middle of a terrible fire, as hot as Tom Hurley's big oven." "And so it ought," says the Reader, "for it's there he makes his bread!" Well, sir, the boys then turned the laugh on Jerry, but Andy came to his help, and says he, "Father John didn't say a word about an oven, he only said that 'twas a terrible big fire." "Troth then," says the Reader, "that's the fire that makes his pot boil!" Well, the Reader had the laugh against Andy entirely, more by token as Andy had paid Father John £2 the week before for the souls of some of his people. So Andy got a little vexed, and says he, "joking won't prove anything." "And moreover," says Jerry, "there's too much truth in them jokes to be pleasant." "But to stop all joking," says Andy, "I can prove our Purgatory out of the Bible." "Do so," says the Reader, "and I'll believe it myself." Well, Andy took the Douay Bible, and read for us these words. "Be at agreement with thy adversary betimes, whilst thou art in the way with him, lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing." "Well," says the Reader, "where's Purgatory in that verse?" "Why," says Andy, "the prison is Purgatory." "Well," says the Reader, "you must be badly off for texts when you bring that forward, for," says he, "can't the word 'prison' ever mean anything but Purgatory? You remind me," says he, "of one evening that the minister was lecturing on Purgatory, and before he began he read some prayers, and among the rest that part of the Litany where we ask God to 'have pity upon all prisoners and captives.' And when we came out after the lecture, a Romanist came up to me, and says he, 'in spite of all the minister said against Purgatory, he believes in it, for,' says he, 'if he didn't believe in it, why did he pray for the souls in Purgatory.' He didn't do any such thing," says I. "He did," says he, "sure I heard him with my own ears pray for all prisoners and captives," and says he, "who could they be but the souls in Purgatory?" And I'm thinking," says the Reader, "that you're of his opinion, that there can be no prisoners but the poor souls in Purgatory. But at all events," says he, "there's not a word in the text about fire, nor a word about souls, nor a word about venial sins. And," says he, "I'll engage Father John didn't give you that text as a proof of Purgatory." "Well, he didn't," says Andy, "but why wouldn't he give it if he thought

of it?" "Because," says the Reader, "'twould ruin his trade entirely." "How so?" says Andy. "Why," says the Reader, "how does Father John tell you the souls are to be got out?" "By masses," says Andy. "And who says the masses?" says the Reader. "The priest of course," says Andy. "Then," says the Reader, "it's the priest that gets out the souls." "To be sure it is," says Andy. "Well," says the Reader, "read your text again, and see who it is that gets the soul out." Well, Andy read again, "Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing." "Well," says the Reader, "who is 'thou'? Is it the priest?" Well, sir, Andy seemed as if he was stunned, and not a word out of his lips; but the Reader stuck to him, until he had to allow that "thou" meant the soul himself, and not the priest at all. Well, the boys were greatly astonished, and says Jerry, "often as I read that verse I never seen before that 'tis the soul himself must work out its own sins." "Well, you see now," says the Reader, "that if that text proves Purgatory, it proves that neither masses, nor priests, nor money, can get out a soul; but that he must suffer there until he has worked out the last farthing." "And," says Jerry, "if that's the way, we're fools to be spending our hard-earned money in masses, when they can't do a bit of good for the poor souls; and," says he, "it's true for the Reader, Father John wouldn't give us that text, for 'twould spoil his own market." With that, the boys began counting up all the money they had paid for masses, and says they, "we're sold entirely if that text means Purgatory." And, says Mike Flinn, "I pawned the blankets from under the children to pay Father John for getting out my mother's soul, and," says he, "I didn't grudge the money, for it's she was the good mother to me, and," says he, "it's good reason I had to spend the last penny I could raise if it would give her peace and rest; but," says he, "'tis what frets me entirely is to think, that may be she's in Purgatory still, burning away until she works out the last farthing; and," says he, "if that's the case, I might as well have left the poor children the blankets, and the cold winter coming on." "Well," says Andy, "perhaps after all, that text doesn't mean Purgatory; more by token, as Father John didn't mention it in his sermon, but says he, 'I've other texts that will do as well.'" "Let us hear them," says the Reader. So with that Andy read out the text in St. Peter's epistle "Because Christ also died once for our sins, the just for the unjust, that he might offer us to God, being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the spirit, in which also coming, he preached to those spirits that were in prison, which had been some time incredulous, when they waited for the patience of God in the days of Noe, when the ark was a-building." "Well," says the Reader, "there's the prison certainly, if that will do anything for you, but there isn't a word about the big fire, nor about masses getting them out." "Never mind that," says Andy, "for so sure as three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, so surely I'll prove that these three verses are equal to Purgatory." "Stop a minute," says Jerry, "I've got Dr. Butler's catechism that the children learn out of, and he doesn't bring that text to prove Purgatory at all, but to prove Limbo." "Arra, hold your tongue, you omadawn," says Andy, "sure Keenan's catechism says that this text proves Purgatory." "I don't care what it says," says Jerry, "I'll hold by Dr. Butler, who was a greater man than ever Keenan was, and his catechism is recommended by the four Roman Catholic archbishops of Ireland; and, boys," says he, "do you think it likely that they'd be wrong?" Well the boys allowed that Butler's catechism must be the right one, seeing that it was backed by the four archbishops. But Andy wouldn't give in a peg, and says he, "I've the four bishops of Scotland to back Keenan, and here's their names in the first page," and says he, "do you think they're wrong?" Well, sir, we didn't know what to say after that, for Butler had the four Irish bishops, and Keenan had the four Scotch bishops, and one said the text meant Limbo, and the other said it meant Purgatory, so we were in a regular fix; and worse than all, the Reader was laughing at us, and says he, "Take it easy, boys, don't get into a passion about it, 'fair play for ever,' and he grinning at us all the time. But at length Mick starts up, "And," says he, "boys, may be it's all about nothing you're disputing, for perhaps," says he, "Limbo and Purgatory are all one. May be Limbo is the Latin for Purgatory." Well the boys were greatly pleased at this, but the Reader turns to Jerry, and says he, "What sort of a place does the catechism say that Purgatory is?" "A place or state of punishment," says Jerry. "And what kind of a place does it say that Limbo is?" "A place or state of rest," says Jerry. "Well," says he, "they can't both be the same place, seeing that one is a place of punishment, and the other a place of rest." Well, the boys were fairly puzzled to know what to make of it, and the Reader turned to us, and says he, "I think you ought to settle it between yourselves before you bring it to Protestants, for," says he "it looks very queer to have four bishops on one side, and four on the other, and," says he,

"some of them must be wrong." "Troth then," says Jerry, "I wouldn't wonder if they were all wrong, and," says he, "may be it doesn't mean either Limbo or Purgatory." "I'm thinking you're not far out," says the Reader, "and," says he, "you must bring some better texts if you wish to prove your Purgatory." Well, Andy was regularly chopfallen, the stiffening was quite taken out of him, and says he, "I can't stay any longer to-night, but the next time we meet I'll have other texts for you," and with that he left us. The Reader then turned to us, and says he, "Boys, I'll stick to the Protestant Purgatory, and if you'd take my advice you'd do the same, at all events until you find a better. Remember," says he, "that even if your Purgatory were true, 'twould only cleanse you from venial sins, while my Purgatory," says he, "the precious blood of Christ, cleanses from all sin, mortal and venial, big and little, all are washed out in his blood. What does the Douay Bible say? 'If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow, and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool.'" So with that he wished us good night, and turned up the boreen that leads to his house.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CATHY.

#### FARMING OPERATIONS FOR OCTOBER.

(From the Irish Farmers' Gazette.)

THE very fine weather we are at present enjoying, and the dry state of the land, should induce our farmers to exertion, in thoroughly cleaning their stubble land, particularly that intended for green crops next season; for large holders, with abundance of horse-power to work it effectively, we do not know a better implement than the improved Bentall's broadshare; it completely cuts the weeds at any distance, at pleasure, from 3 to 9 or 10 inches under the surface, without disturbing it; on the application of the harrows the weeds are brought to the surface, which are then readily gathered by the horse rake, and left in rows to be carried off. For small occupiers, a very suitable implement is a sort of plough with a broad share, armed with upright cutters, invented by the late Rev. T. D. La Touche, and exhibited at several of our shows, of which a model has been presented to the Royal Dublin Society, and may be seen now in their Agricultural Museum, as also that of a novel and suitable harrow to follow it.

**Wheat sowing** should be concluded this month on land that has been fallowed, or after clover, peas, beans, summer vetches, or potatoes. Much care should be taken in the selection of the seed, which should be got at some distance from home, and thoroughly cleansed of any seeds of weeds found mixed with it; and, as a precaution against smut, steeped in some of the steepers mentioned in our last impression.

**Winter Beans** should be sown by the middle of the month, in well cleaned, deeply ploughed, and well manured land; they may be sown broadcast in ridges, or in drills, 2½ feet apart, if the land be free from wet during the winter; sown at this time they come early to harvest, and are an excellent preparatory crop for wheat the ensuing season.

**Winter Vetches**, to be able to withstand the winter wet and frosts, should be sown early in the month 4 bushels, mixed with 3 or 4 stones of winter oats or rye, are sufficient for an Irish acre, sown in beds or ridges 8 feet wide, and the furrows well shovelled up; to insure good crops the land should be liberally manured.

**Rye** is also an excellent early soiling crop, if sown in ridges at the rate of 16 to 18 stones to the Irish acre; it is also an excellent feeding crop for ewes and lambs, to which it affords an early bite, when sown on stubble land and lightly ploughed in.

**Bere** should be sown some time during the month, after potatoes; it comes in early, generally about the middle or end of July, in time to afford new bread to the harvesters.

**Peas**, if the land be sufficiently dry and warm, may be sown in limited quantity; if they escape through the winter they will come in early; but the best time to sow the general crop will be by the end of February, or early in March.

**Parsnips**, when sown by the middle of this month, come in early, and yield the best roots and heaviest crop. The land should be well and deeply tilled, and well manured. If the land is sound and dry sown in drills, 28 inches apart; if inclined to damp, it will be safest to sow in ridges, in which they may also be drilled at the same distance; 6 lbs. of seed will be ample for an Irish acre.

**Cabbages**, to come in early, should be finally planted out this month; they require well-tilled and well manured soil; plant in rows two feet apart, and one foot plant from plant in the rows; it is a good and economical plan after planting the cabbages, to sow parsnips midway between the rows; the cabbages will be off the land before they can be injurious to the parsnips.

**Potatoes**, of the early sorts, may be planted this month, either in drills, if the land be dry—or in ridges, if inclined to damp; they require a liberal manuring, and six inches of cover, at least, to ward off the injurious effects of frost.

**Pigs**.—Sows should now be put to the brawn, to have litters early next spring, and store pigs should be put up to fatten.

† 1 Peter III. 18, 19, 20.

§ Thirty-second edition, page 13. ¶ Third edition, page 159.

\* Titido-page.

† Page 20.

‡ Page 13.

\* Part I, chap. iv., quest. 3.

† Matt. v. 25, 26.